

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Tradin War Stories"

(feat. C-Bo, Dramacydal, Storm, CPO, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

A military mind, nigga  
A military mind mean money  
A criminal grind, nigga  
A criminal grind mean hustle  
You know

[2Pac:]

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor  
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker  
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger  
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas  
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday  
And feared men grow on trees  
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes  
So niggas whisper when they mention  
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure  
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers  
Henceforth, we thug niggas and we came in packs  
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on 'yak  
In the back, my AR-15  
Thuggin' 'til I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine  
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'  
Fat as that ass that honey shakin'

[2Pac & Kastro:]

My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas despise, look in my eyes

[Kastro:]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit  
They call it overthuggin' and shit  
But I was just a younger nigga;  
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit  
But what was I doin' in this place?  
To the fakes without a pistol in the first  
Facin' termination in the worst  
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all  
These playa hatin' niggas position for I could see 'em all  
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you  
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryna tell you

*[Edi Amin:]*

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin' greenery  
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game something D-P  
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out  
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out  
And wide open - the ridin' and smokin'  
Collidin' with foes - in the worst place;  
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us ,in the first place  
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters  
Y'all don't want no funk cause  
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

*[2Pac & C-Bo:]*

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

*[C-Bo:]*

I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale  
Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12  
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger  
No one will remain when I come through dumping insane  
Call me Bo Loc Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine  
I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hot ones up in your brain  
More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball  
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)  
Never been no sign for men call  
How we bucks them down on the way to the ground  
Ain't nothing but the hog in me  
Plus, stompin' steel toed, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G  
It ain't no calling the funk off  
Don't be funkking with my sawed off  
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off  
And had them bitch niggas hauled off

*[2Pac (Napolean):]*

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)

*[Napoleon:]*

My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay  
Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay  
I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks when niggas ran up  
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back  
What happened then? No one would tell me since I was three  
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free  
But fuck that, you got whats mines and I want that  
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back  
And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing  
Thugging Immortal when got some war stories for you

*[Storm:]*

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal  
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter  
Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure  
murderous tendencies in my mind, can't be controlled, nigga  
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?  
Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla  
When I got you on kay-nine-fourths  
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth  
We tradin' war stories

[2Pac:]

[illegible]

[2Pac:]

War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do  
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz  
Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli  
Can you feel me?  
Just so you know, it's on Death Row  
My niggas love that shit  
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh  
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal N Felony  
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?  
You know what time it is